

SD
363
.H4

THE ARBOR DAY LADY

MARY L. HELLINGS



DECORATED BY ETHEL SCHACHERER



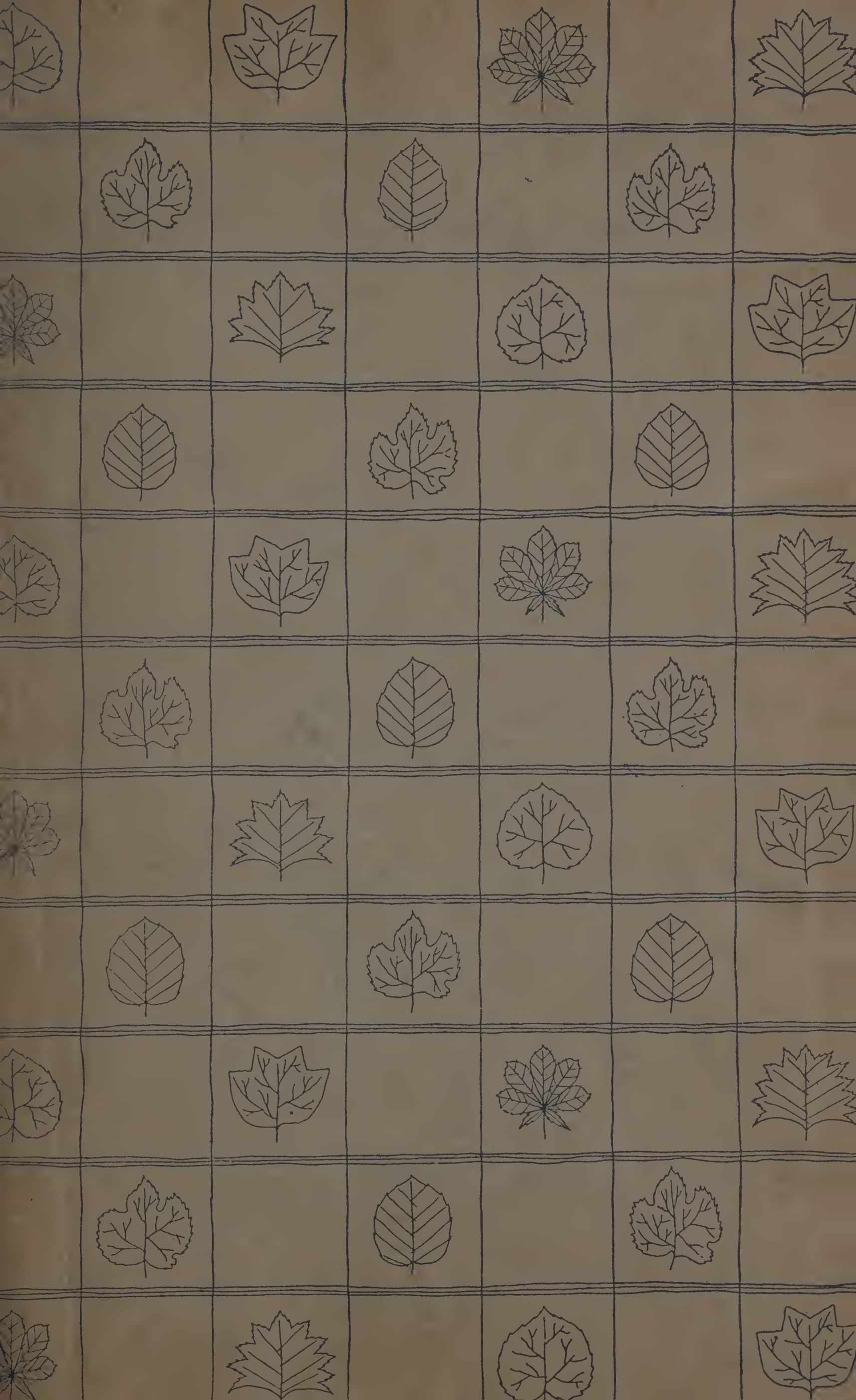
Class ST 363

Book H 4

Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

G P O



THE ARBOR DAY LADY

He that planteth a tree is a servant of God,
He provideth a kindness for many generations
And faces that he hath not seen shall bless
him.

—Henry Van Dyke.



A tree that looks at God all day, and lifts her leafy arms to pray.

THE ARBOR DAY LADY

AN APPRECIATION BY
MARY LOUISE HELLINGS
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ETHEL I. SCHACHERER-



ALBERT WHITMAN & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO, ILL.

THE ARBOR DAY LADY

Copyright, 1927

By Albert Whitman & Company

SD 363
.H4

NEW GIFT TITLES

FLAG OF OUR HEARTS

Edited by W. Montgomery Major

IN OCEAN LAND

By Emily Paret Atwater

THE WOODS IN THE HOME

By Hope Daring

MERRY CHRISTMAS STORIES

Edited by W. Montgomery Major

THE LOOKING GLASS

By Edna Groff Deihl

"A JUST RIGHT BOOK"

Made in the U. S. A.

AUG 31 '27

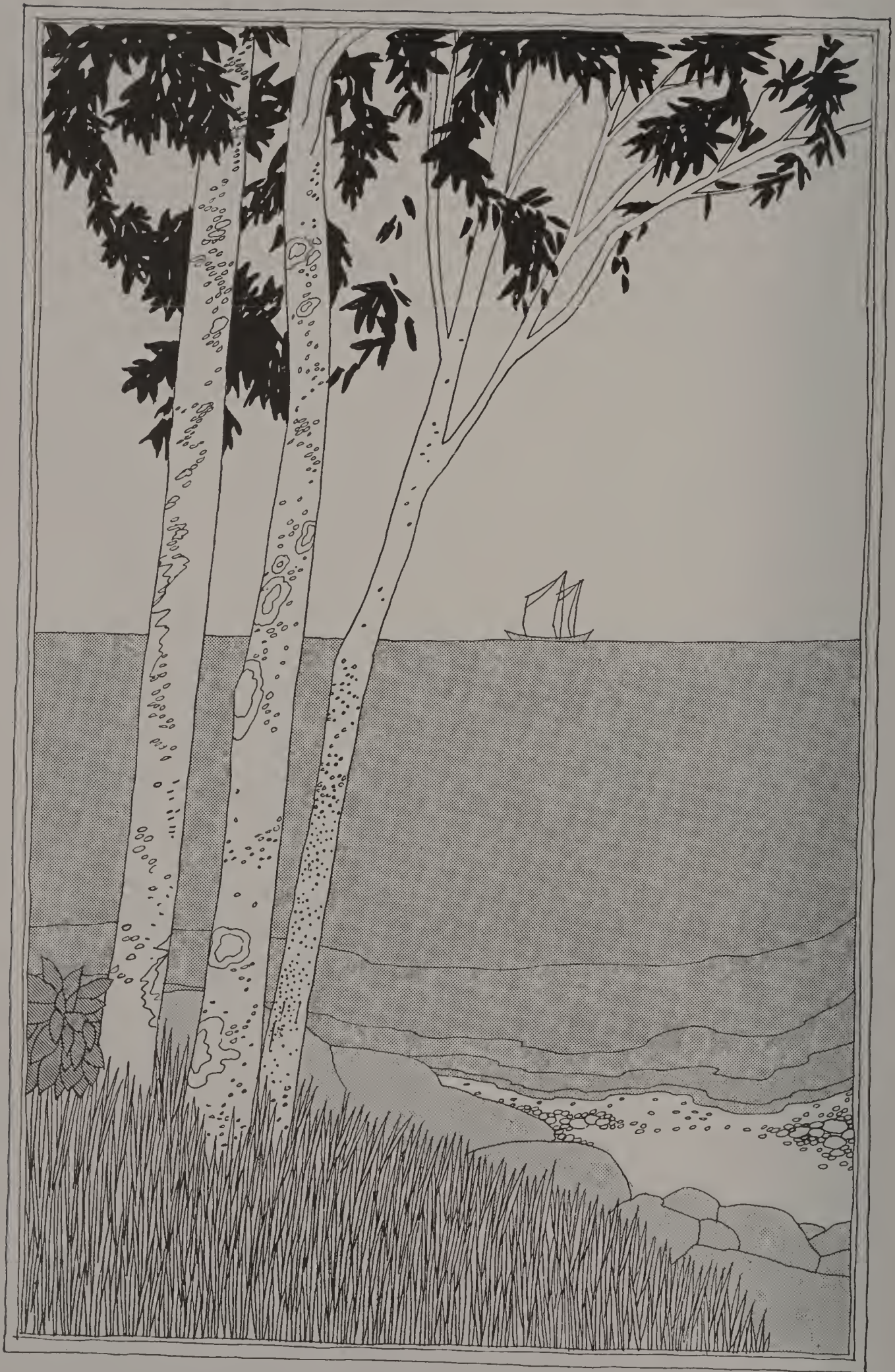
©C1A1004029

DEDICATED

To Our Boys and Girls
of Today—Our
Men and Women of Tomorrow

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The Author and Publishers wish to thank the owners of copyrights on several of the included poems for their kind permission to use them herein.



Are they not a blessing as well as an ornament?

PREFACE

With the coming of the first Bluebird I am always eager to be standing in the very midst of that living gallery, a forest or grove of trees which holds my favorite theme: When the gray fades into golden sunbeams upon the hillside and announce it is dawn; when an ecstasy of melody penetrates to every part of the grove from the throat of that wonderful bird, it is then time to be thinking of making a Spring planting of trees.

Without a coming generation our country would face a hopeless future. Just so would a country without trees. And since it is a national question we should all discuss it with great interest, and not as one dealt with as encumbrance. It is a pity everyone cannot see that there is always something august, solemn, noble and pure in the spreading branches of every tree. That there is some-

thing noble, simple and pure in the mind of every person who plants trees. It is not like planting a block of carved stone or marble—they are but the work of a day—but tree planting is something one can look upon with reverence, as it is the planting of generations.

Not only is there a grandeur, thoughtful deed connecting one with the present day who plants trees, but he indelibly stamps his character for years to come before posterity and shows them with what taste and discrimination he passed his spare hours. I am sure they could not help but exult in the thought of him and those young trees that now have grown to be such lofty and prodigious specimens which has so benefited them with grace and shelter. Indeed, can one but help to realize the significance of such a deed! Deeds in spare moments that rank far above mere worldliness!

One who loves trees and spends his spare moments studying their place in the world can almost see, so to speak, every little flickering leaf absorbing the noxious particles day

and night and breathing forth for humanity a pure atmosphere. When I become depressed with worldly events, I go straight to my trees. Just as they absorb the noxious qualities in the air, so they consume my unpleasant thoughts and my mind is once more capable of producing peaceful and helpful problems.

If one would but observe the crest of a tree, no matter how small or mighty it may be, one would find it ever looks upward, heavenward, glorifying in its glossy shroud that is supported by many grateful outstretching arms, enduring the stormy days with the sunny with perfect equanimity.

Is this not an emblem of what true manhood should be?

Do trees not stimulate, conserve and distribute rainfall?

Do trees not furnish a multiplicity of materials indispensable to the progress of a nation?

Are they not a blessing as well as an ornament on any land?

My young friend you will do well to think seriously about this matter and when the first opportunity comes avail yourself of it and plant a tree.

—Mary Louisa Hellings.



CONTENTS

Preface	Page 9
Go Plant A Tree, <i>Ella Wheeler Wilcox</i>	17
Trees, <i>Joyce Kilmer</i>	19
One Spring Day.....	20
My Tree.....	21
Small Beginnings.....	23
As Much As These.....	24
I Knew By The Smoke.....	24
An Arbor Day Song.....	26
The Use of Our Forests.....	28
Plant In Springtime.....	29
Evergreens	32
"Let Us Keep Some Virgin Wild".....	33
Nature Poem, <i>Henry David Thoreau</i>	34
The Wind of May, <i>Bryant</i>	36
Nursery Beds.....	49
Deciduous Trees.....	50
Our Trees In France.....	51
The Leaves.....	52
The Rain.....	54
Transplanting Trees.....	56
America's Greatest Asset.....	60
What Do We Plant <i>Henry Abbey</i>	63
The Pine, <i>Augusta Webster</i>	64

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

A Tree That Looks At God All Day.....	Page 2
Are They Not A Blessing As Well As An Ornament?.....	8
Planted in Memory of Luther Burbank.....	16
I Knew by the Smoke That so Gracefully Curled.....	25
I Open the Window and Make Salute.....	31
"Ah, Bare Must be the Shadeless Ways".....	35
Plate I	37
Plate II	39
Plate III	41
Plate IV	43
Plate V	45
Plate VI	47
How Friendly the Pine Is.....	55
America's Greatest Asset.....	59
And I Shall Bless my Destiny.....	61

THE ARBOR DAY LADY

The chronicle that memory keeps
Of what befell
In those same days,
Would sometimes lead us back by shadowed
ways
Where sorrow sleeps;
But this little book is wiser and its pages tell
How all was well.



*Planted in memory of Luther Burbank by the American Reforestation Association,
Los Angeles, California.*

THE ARBOR DAY LADY

GO PLANT A TREE

God, what a joy it is to plant a tree,
And from the fallow earth to watch it rise,
Lifting its emerald branches to the skies
In silent adoration; and to see
Its strength and glory waxing with each
Spring;
Yes, 'tis a goodly and gladsome thing,
To plant a tree.

Nature has many marvels; but a tree
Seems more than marvelous. It is divine,
So generous, so tender, so benign,
Not garrulous, like the rivers; and yet free
In pleasant converse with the winds and
birds;
Oh! privilege beyond explaining words,
To plant a tree.

Rocks are majestic; but unlike a tree,
They stand aloof and silent. In the roar
Of ocean billows breaking on the shore
There sounds the voice of turmoil. But a tree
Speaks ever of companionship and rest
Yes, of all righteous acts, this, this is the
best,
To plant a tree.

There is an oak (oh, how I love that tree!)
Which has been thriving for a hundred
years;
Each day I send my blessings through the
spheres
To one who gave this triple boon to me
Of growing beauty, singing birds, and
shade,
Woulds't thou win laurels that shall never
fade?
Go plant a tree.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

TREES

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks to God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

—Joyce Kilmer.

ONE SPRING DAY

A tiny shoot peeped out of the ground
And opened wide as it gazed around;

Stretching its dainty leaflets bright
Up—up—up to the sweet sunlight;

Reaching sideways, that way—this—
To catch the earliest zephyr's kiss;

Climbing higher in balmy air
To meet the raindrops glistening there;

Spreading its wavy branches wide
Till song birds came their nest to hide,

And children gather in joyous glee
In the shade of the old oak tree.

All because a hand, they say,
That planted a seed one spring day.

“MY TREE

The greenest, leafiest, prettiest tree
My Father planted that day for me,
And said it should be my very own
While it was little and when it was grown.
I helped him plant it. He let me stand
And hold it tightly with my hand.

Then—how the sun came out to shine
Warm and bright on that tree of mine;
And pattering, pattering, in the night,
Dear little raindrops, soft and light.
And every zephyr that came that way
Stopped a moment to laugh and play.

That isn't all. A little bird
Came hopping one day—she must have
heard
That never anywhere could be found,
Hunting the woods and groves around,
So beautiful, straight and fine a tree
As that one Father set out for me.

She built the tiniest, cunning nest,
Fit for a birdlings sweetest rest,
And now if you listen you will hear,
Trilling, twittering loud and clear,
Bird-songs, merry and sweet and gay
Gladdening all the summer day.

“How friendly the pine is to man—so docile and available as timber, so warm and protective as shelter! Its balsam is salve to his wounds, its fragrance is long life to his nostrils; an abiding, perennial tree, tempering the climate, cool as murmuring waters in summer and like a wrapping of fur in winter.”

—John Burroughs.

“SMALL BEGINNINGS.”

A traveler through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade, at evening, to
Breathe its early vows;

And age was pleased, in heat of noon,
To bask beneath its bows.
The dormouse loved its dangling
Twigs, the birds sweet bore;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing ever-
more.

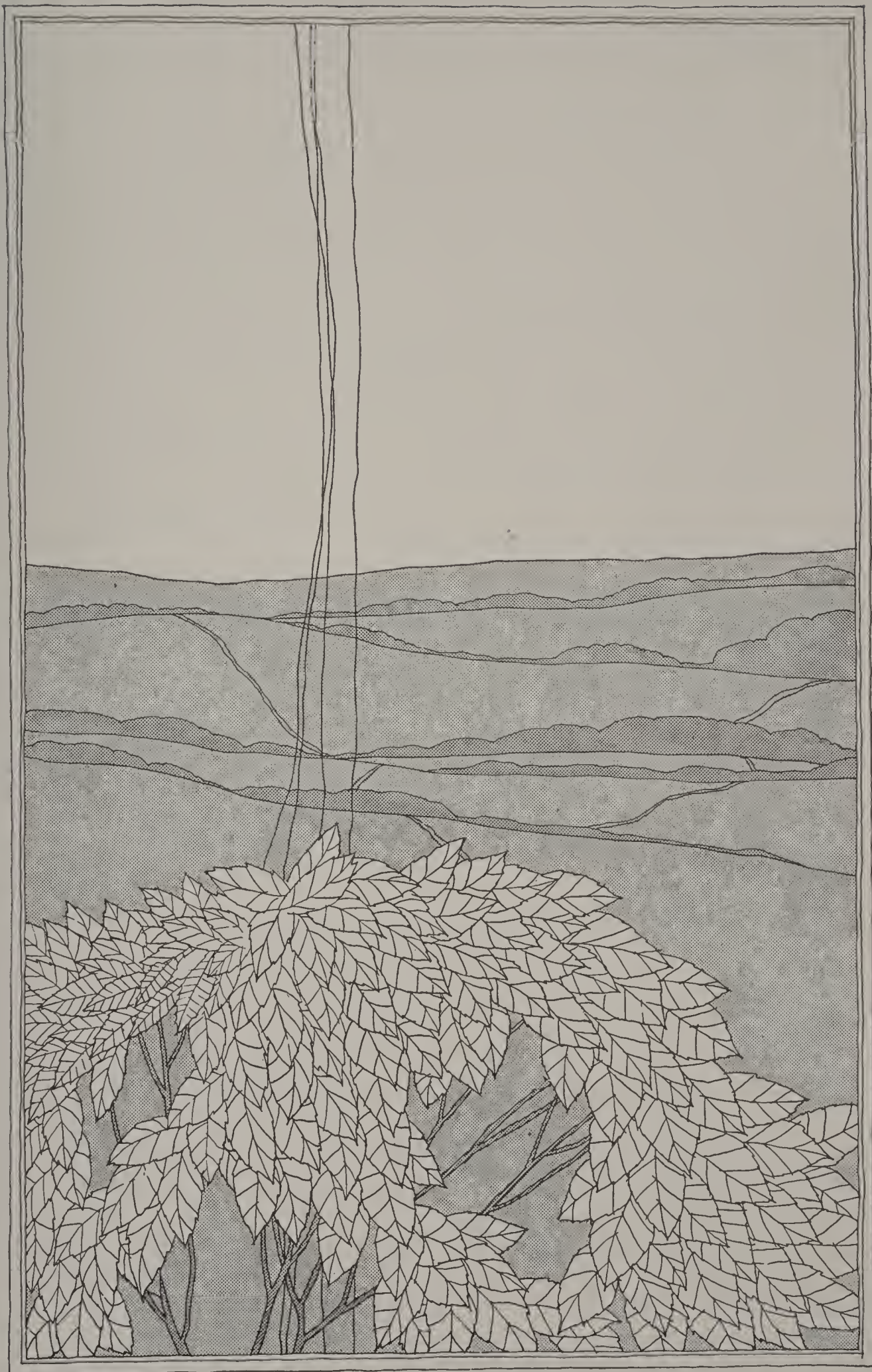
Take the advantage of every occasion for
planting trees.

AS MUCH AS THESE

And were we out of doors as much as these
Insistent glimpses show?
It seems as if we never had to go
Inside the house at all,
But, scorning roof and wall,
Just pitched our lives beneath the blessed
trees.

I KNEW BY THE SMOKE

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully
curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was
near;
And I said, 'If there's peace to be found in this
world,
A heart that was humble might look for it
here.' "



I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled.

AN ARBOR DAY SONG

Sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."
For the Girls:

The winter storms have passed away,
And Springtime now is here,
With sunshine smiling all around
And heavens blue and clear.
The gifts of Nature brighten earth
And make her garden gay;
They give a cheery greeting bright,
On this, the Arbor Day.

The birds with gladsome voices sing
Each its melodious lay,
And music swells each little throat
On this, the Arbor Day.
The trees put forth their greenest leaves.
On this, the Arbor Day,
And welcome now the chosen tree
Which we shall plant to-day.

For the Boys:

You think you all have chosen well,
And so do I, but then I guess
I like my choice, I must say best,
And you would think so, too, unless
For beauties true you have no care,
Now I select an elm; that old
Historic tree, whose beauty and renown
In song and prose is ever told.
This tiny seed I plant to-day,
Will sometime make a tall, fine tree,
With graceful, drooping boughs to shade
The boys and girls that know not me.

For Both:

These seeds are small, but great results
From small beginnings grow,
How careful then we all should be
To plant as teachers show,
Good seeds of thought to make us wise,
And live the life that never dies.

THE USE OF OUR FORESTS

The service of trees to us begins in our infancy and ends with our lives. Its extent and value cannot be estimated. Your house, the comforts within it are only a few of the countless products from trees. The fuel that warms us, even if it be coal, is the mineralized wood of ages. Wherever the eye falls, it sees the beneficent service of trees. Arbor Day recalls this direct service of trees on every hand, and reminds us of the indirect ministry of trees as guardians of the sources of rivers—the great forests making the densely shaded hills, covered with the accumulating leaves of ages. To cut these forests recklessly is to dry up the streams leading to rivers. Forests play a great part in affecting the climate of a country. They prevent extremes of hot or cold, and the sudden changes in weather.

PLANT IN SPRINGTIME

Plant in the springtime the beautiful trees,
So that in future each soft summer breeze,
Whispering through tree-tops may call to our
 mind,
Days of our childhood then left far behind.

Days when we learned to be faithful and
 true;
Days when we yearned our life's future in
 view;
Days when the good seemed so easy to do;
Days when life's cares were so light and so
 few.

Oft in the present are we made to know
What was done for us in years long ago,
How others sowed in the vast fields of
 thought,
And, to us, harvest from their work is
 brought

And, as we read, in some tree's welcome
 shade,
Of the works of earth's wise men, which
 never can fade,
Thanks would we waft on the soft summer
 breeze,
Both to planters of thoughts and to planters
 of trees.

Then should we think, in our heritage grand,
We, too, belong to that glorious band,
Who in word or in thought, or in deed some-
 thing do
To advance this old world somewhat on to
 the new.

As in the past men did plant for to-day,
So will we plant in this beautiful May,
Trees that in future shall others shade cool,
Thoughts that shall ripen for earth's future
 school.

—Anonymous.



I open the window and make salute:
“God bless thy branches and feed thy root!
Thou hast lived before, live after me,
Thou ancient, friendly, faithful tree.”

—Henry Van Dyke.

EVERGREENS

In this group of trees there contains some of the most valuable for specimen or landscape planting. Only one familiar with them can have an adequate idea of the variety of color effects they present. There are deepest and lightest greens, bright and sombre golden tints, and soft steel-grays and blues.

When most plant life is sleeping in the winter, evergreens endeavor to cheer us up, and indeed, it is then they are unexcelled. Their bright, warm foliage is certainly a welcome. The odor they distill on damp mornings is intoxicating; and they present a picture of indescribable beauty when the branches are heavily laden with snow, with here and there the deep green needles peeping through.

They are most fitting for planting in memory of those we wish to remember. When I planted an American Hemlock in honor of the Living Heroes of the World War I closed my message with the following:

“This memorial tree is clothed in the finest of human sentiment. In its ever-renewing growth it stands forth as a thing alive! A simple symbol to keep forever green, the memory of those in whose honor it is planted. For to-day and for generations yet unborn, this message of a memorial tree is my message of life to them!”

Just so with those we love who live with us no more, evergreens are a lasting monument of green and living shaft and not the cold polished cenotaph of marble.

“LET US KEEP SOME VIRGIN WILD”

“Let us keep some virgin wild
Where lakes to silence given
Reflect the sun and moon and stars
In beauty back to heaven—
That you may walk, as others have walked,
Upon the moss-grown sod,
And view in unspoiled sylvan ways
The handiwork of God!”

NATURE POEM

In some withdrawn, unpublic mead,
Let me sigh upon a reed,
Or in the woods, with leafy din,
Whisper the still evening in:
Some still work give me to do,—
Only—be it near to you!

For I'd rather be thy child
And pupil, in the forest wild,
Then to be the king of men elsewhere,
And most sovereign slave of care;
To have one moment of thy dawn,
Than share the city's year forlorn.
—Henry David Thoreau.

“Ah, bare must be the shadeless ways, and
bleak the path must be,
Of him who, having open eyes, has never
learned to see,
And so has never learned to love the beauty
of a tree.”



"Ah, bare must be the shadeless ways and bleak the path must be."

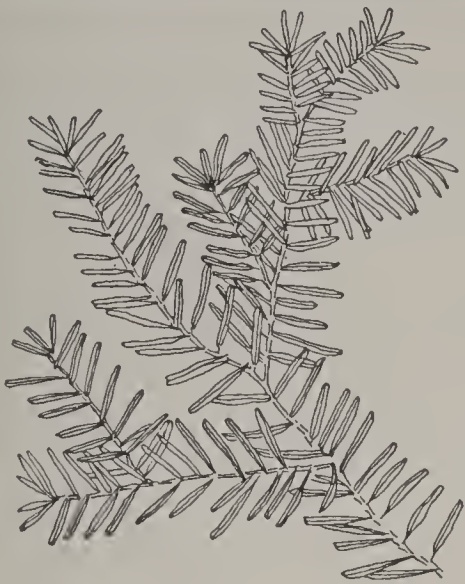
THE WIND OF MAY

The Wind of May
Is sweet with breath of orchards, in whose
boughs
The bees and every insect of the air
Make a perpetual murmur of delight,
And by whose flowers the humming-bird
hangs poised
In air, and draws their sweets, and darts
away.

The Linden, in the fervors of July,
Hums with a louder concert. When the wind
Sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime,
As when some great organ, ye give forth
The music of the woodland depths, a hymn
Of gladness and of thanks.

—Bryant.

With every occasion make it an occasion
to plant a tree.



HEMLOCK



LARCH



BALSAM FIR



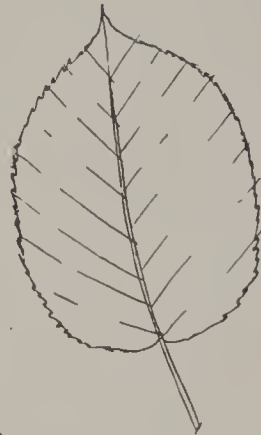
RED SPRUCE



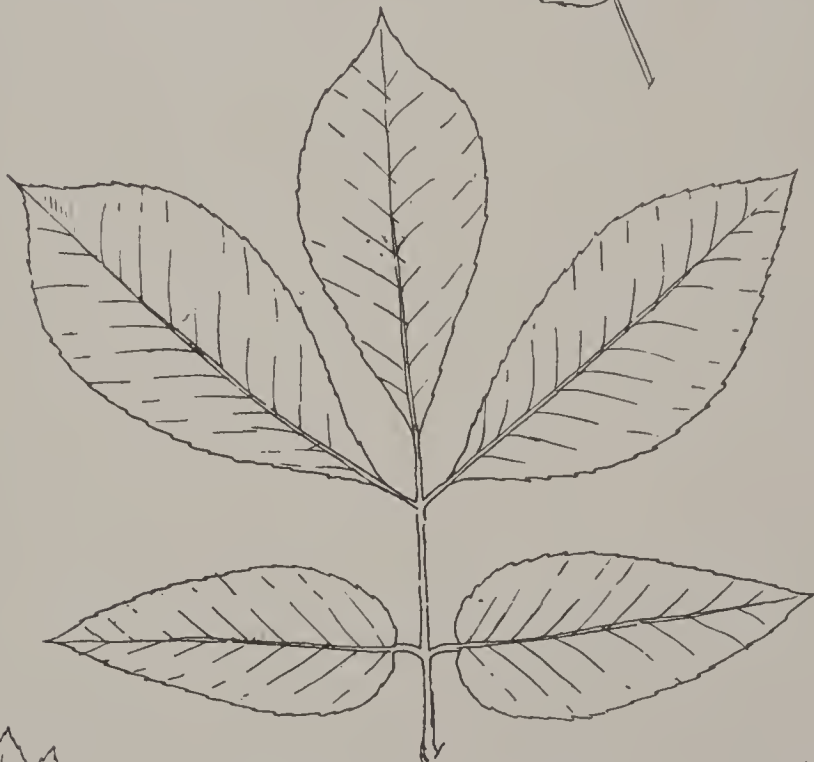
WHITE CEDAR



ASH TREE



PLUM TREES



SHAGBARK HICKORY



WHITE THORN



AMERICAN HOLLY



ELM



BIRCH



SILVER MAPLE



TULIP TREE



CHESTNUT



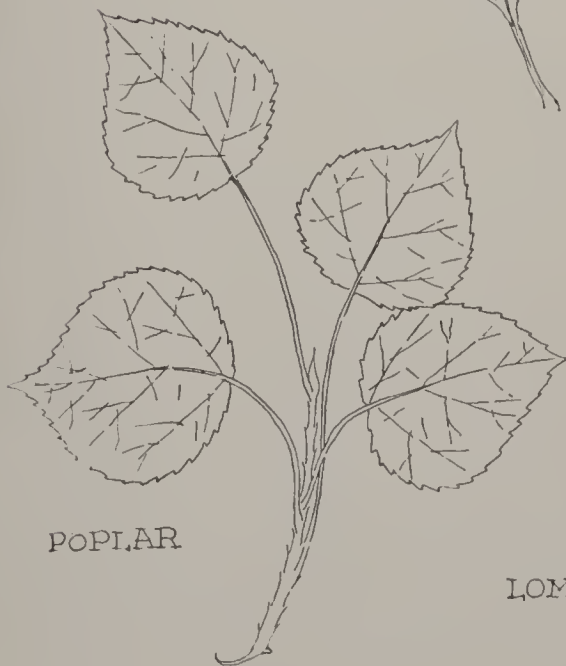
HEART-LEAVED
WILLOW



LONG-LEAVED WILLOW



WHITE OAK



POPLAR



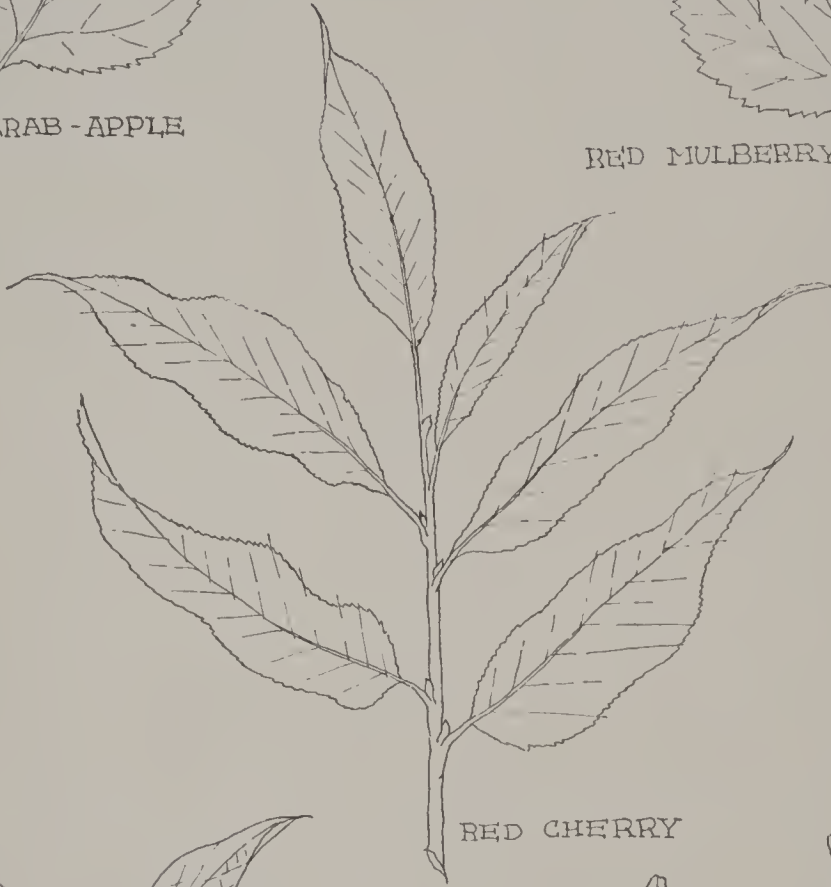
LOMBARDY POPLAR



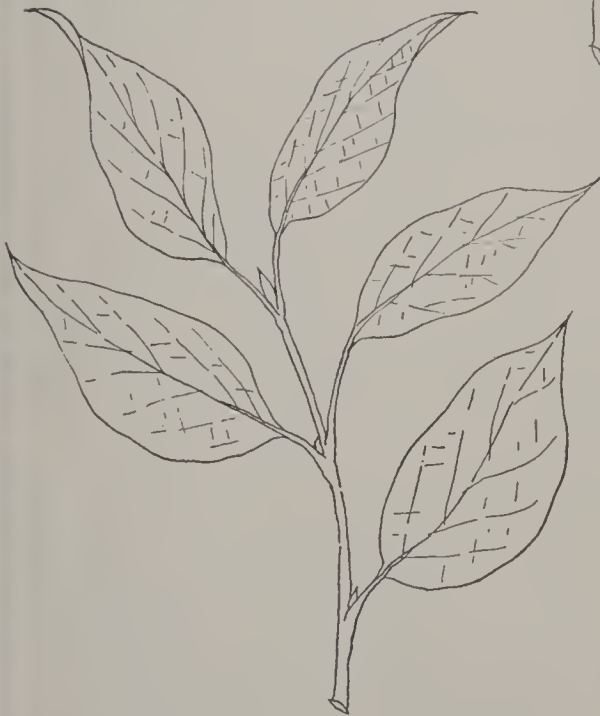
CRAB - APPLE



RED MULBERRY



RED CHERRY



RED OSIER DOGWOOD



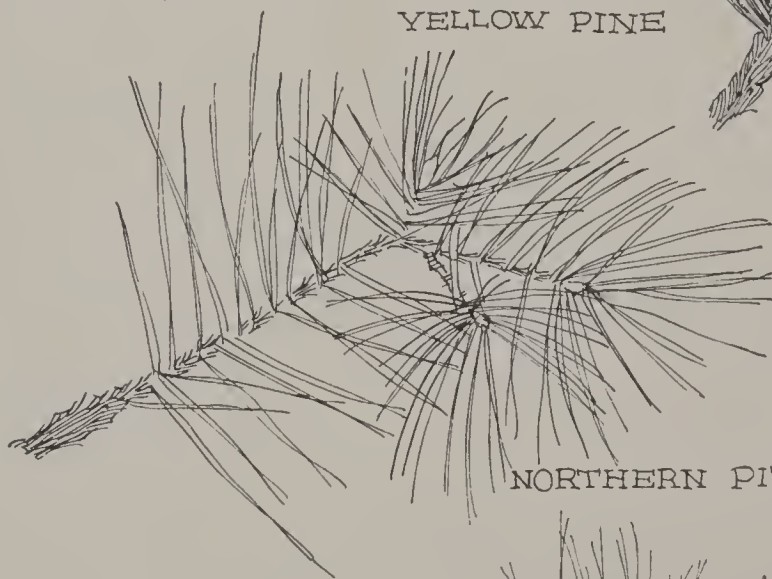
HONEY LOCUST



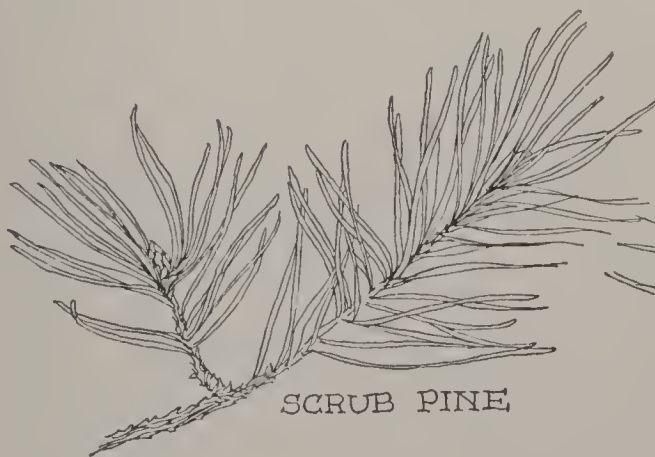
WHITE PINE



SOUTHERN
YELLOW PINE



NORTHERN PITCH PINE



SCRUB PINE



OLD NORWAY PINE

NURSERY BEDS

All school teachers should arrange for their boys and girls to have a reserve corner of the grounds for a nursery bed—in which to plant tree seedlings and study their growth.

When these have grown beyond the bounds of the bed, they should be given the graduating students that they may plant them upon this occasion.

Those that do very well are beech, maple, oak, pine and shagbark.

In large cities a town forest should be provided, a tract of land, wherein all the schools may gather together and contribute each year.

Trees and birds are interdependent. Birds feed upon the destructive insects which pray upon the leaves. Many birds devote their time going up and down the trunks of trees, getting many destructive bores and eggs having been laid in the crevices.

DECIDUOUS TREES.

This large collection of trees are generally thought of as shade trees. Among the added features are ornamental, screening and flowering varieties. Many have gorgeous autumnal foliage colors, while others produce exquisite flowers at different times during the Spring and Summer months; while still others adorn themselves with brilliant autumnal berries and various colored barks.

To deny yourself of this variety of trees is to miss one of the richest possessions offered by Mother Earth.



OUR TREES IN FRANCE
(In memory of our Boys)

“For those who perished overseas,
Our glorious host that lies
In France, let hosts of living trees
Gloriously arise;
Rise where charred limbs of older trees,
Flung mute against the sky,
To countless wanton cruelties
In silence testify.”

Of our swift passage through this scenery
Of life—more durable than we,
What landmark so congenial as a tree,
Repeating its green legend every Spring,
And, with a yearly ring,
Recording the fair seasons as they flee,
Type of our brief but still—renewed mor-
tality?

—Lowell.

THE LEAVES.

I often thought if our lives could be
So important a thing as the leaves of a tree
We could connect two wonderful leas;—

The leaves are God's lowly folks shining aloft
all day
Above where many little creatures play,
Or cast their shadows on the heaving breast
Of weary countrymen while they rest;

They brave with bending, willing forms
The many furious, beating storms,
Until winds again have calmed and dark
clouds blown o'er
They smile and flicker with delight once
more;

Who asks for so little from earth or sky
As the leaves we never hear sigh?
Their gentle askings are mingled sweet re-
frain
We hear for the crystal drops of rain;

Until Autumn, enrobed in all her glory is
here,
And winds chill the air and grass become sere,
Gracefully, timely they let go,
Drifting far and wide before sleeping beneath
the snow.



THE RAIN

I hear leaves drinking rain;
I hear rich leaves on top
Giving the poor beneath
Drop after drop;
'Tis a sweet noise to hear
These green leaves drinking near

And when the Sun comes out,
After this rain shall stop,
A wondrous light will fill
Each dark, round drop;
I hope the sun shines bright;
'Twill be a lovely sight.

“Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was fringed inch-deep with pearl.”



How friendly the pine is to man — so docile and available as timber, so warm and protective as shelter! Its balsam is salve to his wounds, its fragrance is long life to his nostrils; an abiding, perennial tree, tempering the climate, cool as murmuring waters in summer and like a wrapping of fur in the winter.

—John Burroughs.

TRANSPLANTING TREES

The transplanting of trees is certainly a critical event for them and in which many lose their lives because the planter had not sufficient knowledge.

One can feel reasonably sure of a successful planting by following a few necessary precautions.

- 1—Dig a hole large enough that the roots may be spread out naturally.
- 2—Dig a hole larger in circumference at the bottom than at the top to prevent water from being held about the roots.
- 3—When taking up the tree which you are going to transplant, get as much fibrous root system as possible.
- 4—Endeavor to get a ball of earth with it that these roots may not be exposed to the air.
- 5—The taper and bracing roots should be trimmed smooth and slanting just before planting.

- 6—Plant the tree the same depth as it was before.
- 7—Enriched, fine soil must be sifted about the roots.
- 8—Hold the trunk erect and firm.
- 9—After filling half-full, fill the hole up with water. When it has settled completely away, proceed by filling the hole up with soil, leaving this loose and unwatered.
- 10—If a tree is large and out of proportion to the root system you got, prune back a quarter or even half of the previous year's growth if necessary.
- 11—Never cut the leader or central stem of any tree.
- 12—Large trees should be staked or braced, taking care that in doing so the trunk is not chafed. Run the wires through hose or protect by thickness of burlap.
- 13—Leave a cultivated area of from 3 to 5 feet in diameter about the tree, covering

this from time to time with well rotted compost or a mulch of leaves and lawn clippings. Keep the soil loose.

14—Thorough soakings are frequently necessary if the season is lacking in sufficient rainfall. Dilute liquid from cow manure to one-half of water, soaking once a month during the growing season until established for the average tree. By “average” I mean a tree eight feet tall.

“Tall, somber, grim, they stand with dusky
gleams,
Brightening to gold within the woodland’s
core
Beneath the gracious noontide’s tranquil
beams
The weird winds of morning sigh no more.”



America's Greatest Asset—Trees.

AMERICA'S GREATEST ASSET

The Youth of America must turn their undivided attention to the rehabilitation of her forest lands which here-to-fore has contributed so generously to the health, wealth and prosperity of our nation.

Each one should, in turn, endeavor to encourage those about them to strive their utmost to save for the nation and posterity America's greatest asset—TREES.

AN AMERICAN ELM tree was planted in the Stacy Park, Trenton, New Jersey, April seventh, 1926, in honor of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington and in memory of the Washington Elm at Cambridge, Mass.

The plans for this marking were put under way by President Coolidge and members of the American Tree Association, Washington, D. C., were called upon throughout the country to carry out the plans, that schools, young people's clubs and women's organizations may have a rallying point for their observant exercises in 1932.



And I shall ever bless my destiny,
That in a time, when under pleasant trees
Pan is no longer sought, I feel a free,
A leafy luxury,

—John Keats.

As Trenton is one of the most historic cities, the tree could not have been planted in a more appropriate place. It is planned that when the two hundredth anniversary is celebrated, New Jersey's official exercises shall be held at this tree.

Miss Hellings, a member of this Association, carried out the plans for this planting, and adds a note in behalf of the tree:

Personally I am glad the Washington Memorial Tree was to be an Elm, as it is one of the most distinctive native trees of America, either in Winter or in Summer. The American Elm has a precise, symmetrical outline which no other tree can claim; first, the limbs separate from the trunk which in like fashion the branches separate from the limbs, and these again separate into smaller ones until they terminate into mere twigs. It is this grace in maturity that makes the elm so beautifully conspicuous even when lacking of its summer dress. Its outline against the far-reaching landscape is in truth the greatest poem ever expressed—and without words.

WHAT DO WE PLANT?

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the planks to withstand the gales—
The keel, the keelson, the beam, the knee;
We plant the ship when we plant tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

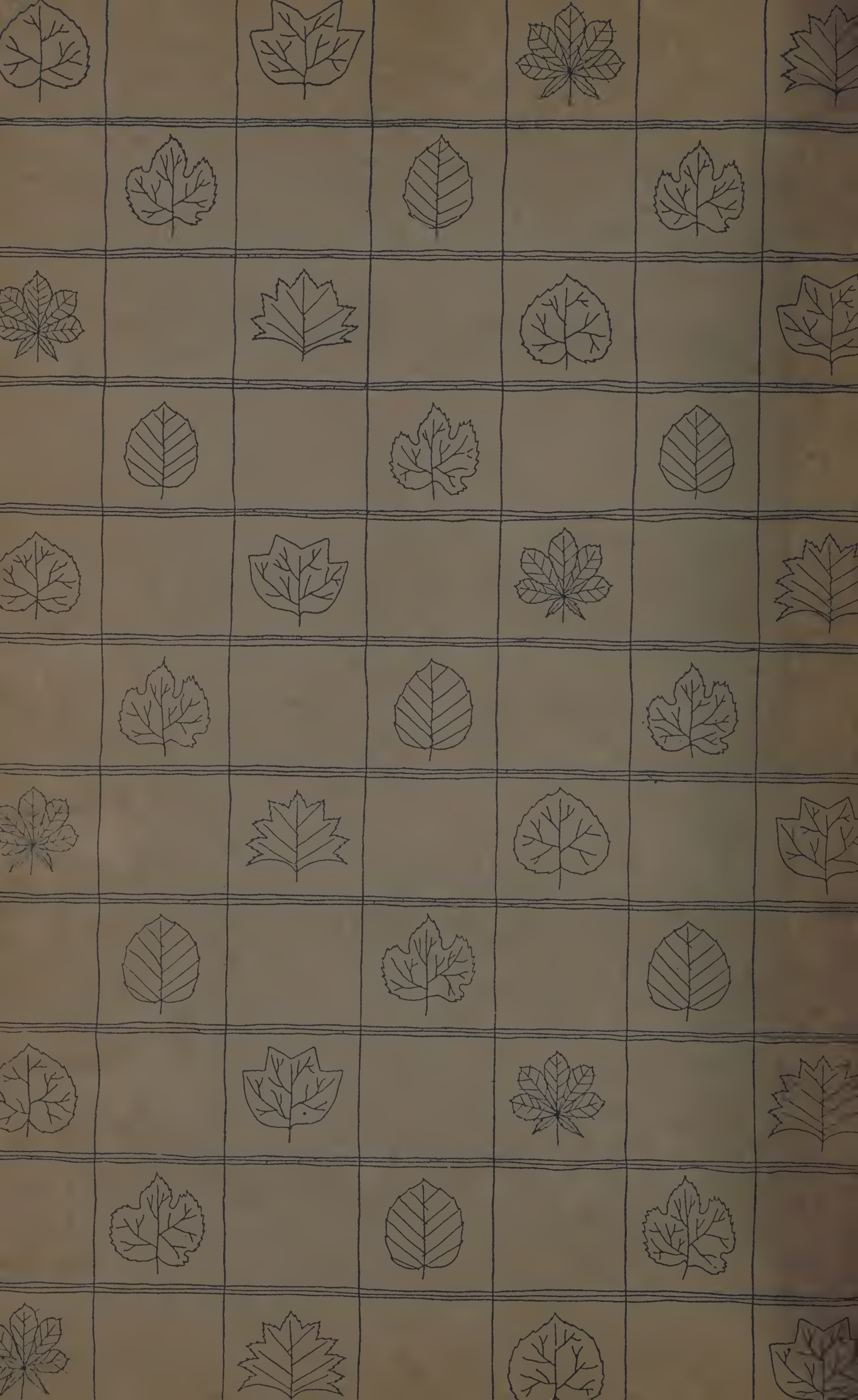
—Henry Abbey.

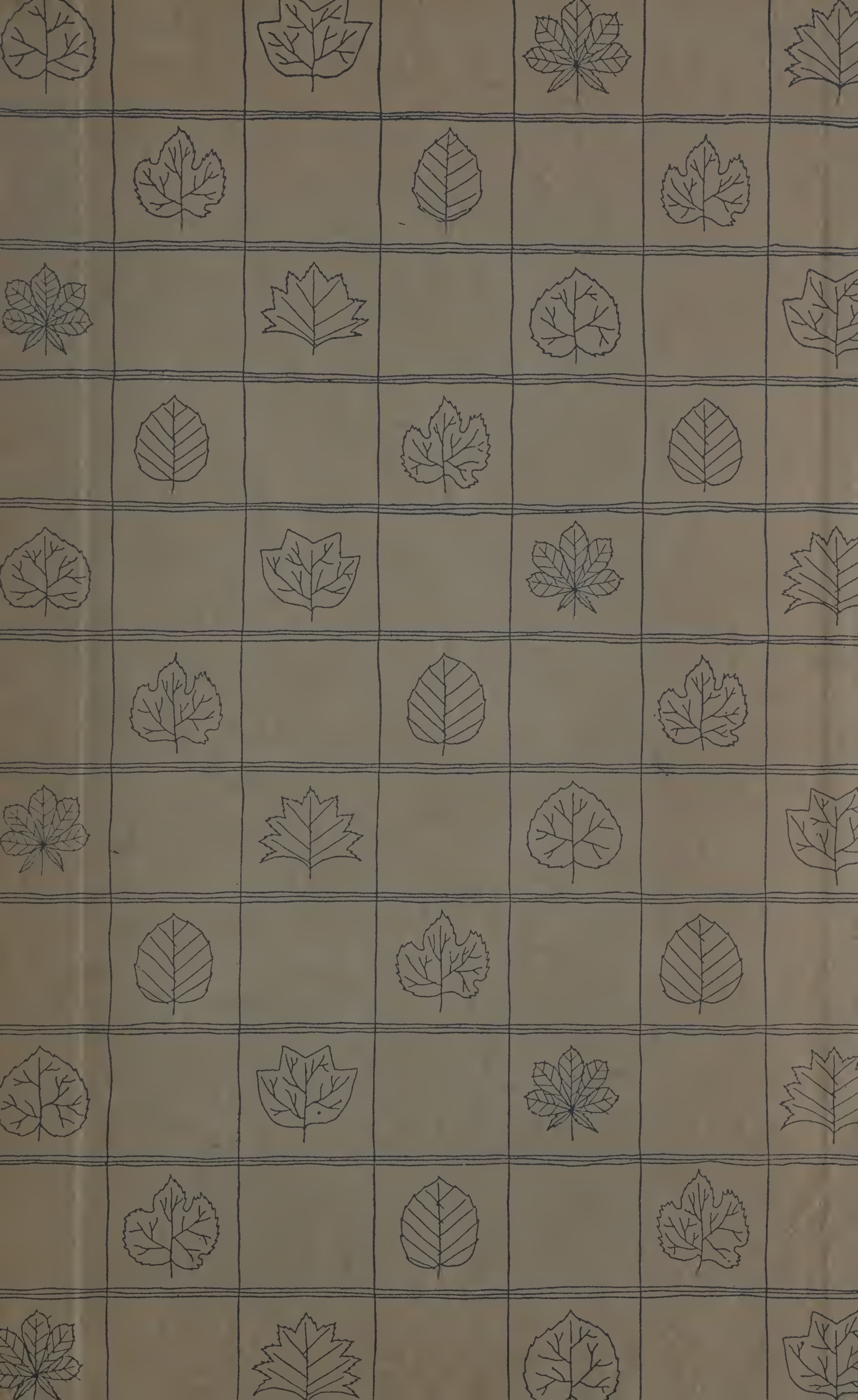
THE PINE

The elm lets fall its leaves before the frost,
The very oak grows shivering and sere,
The trees are barren when the summer's lost:
But one tree keeps its goodness all the year.
Green pine, unchanging as the days go by,
Thou art thyself beneath whatever sky;
My shelter from all winds, my own strong
 pine,
'Tis spring, 'tis summer, still, while thou art
 mine.

—Augusta Webster.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 002 816 736 2